# The last of the Mill Creeks, and early life in northern California, by Sim Moak

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and Early Life in Northern California

BY

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**START FOR CALIFORNIA**

The writer was born October 6th, 1845, eight miles west of Albany city, New York.

My two oldest brothers came to California in 1853. My oldest brother came back in 1856 and he gave such a glowing description of California it caused my brother Jake and I to come to California with him in 1863. We left Albany, New York, May 6th. We took a Hudson River steamer for New York City. Left New York May the 8th on the ocean steamer, “America.” We were six days coming to Gray-Town, Nicaraugua. We lay at Gray Town fifteen days, the cause of this delay was that the steamer, “Moses Taylor,” which was to bring us from San Juan Del Sur, Nicaraugua, to San Francisco, broke a shaft when three days out and had to run back for repairs.

If one has never been in Central America it is a great surprise. The foliage is such a beautiful green. Oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, cocoanuts, bananas and bread fruit in abundance, and many lizzards and monkeys of all sizes, and parrots and birds of the most beautiful plumage.

The first woman fight I ever saw was on board the steamer. There was a big, husky girl aboard from Vermont by the name of Mary Nesbit. She had worked on the farm pitching hay and doing all kinds of farm work. She was well educated and had taught school. There was a great many Irish women on board. The Nesbit girl was always making remarks about the Irish and their religion. One day one of the Irish women laid her baby in the Nesbit girl's berth, and when the girl went to lie down she picked the baby up and laid it in it's mothers berth. It woke up and began to cry. The mother heard it and came rushing up and accused the Nesbit girl of pinching it. She said she had not pinched it. The Irish woman then said she lied, and made for her. The Nesbit girl ran back as far as she could go and when the Irish woman tried to close in on her she struck out—and talk of the kick of a mule, that girl sure had it. Two other Irish women tried to get at the girl over the one that was down and they both fell from the mulekicking arm. My brother, Jake, and the big negro steward, separated them. They were ordered on deck, and when Jake told what he had seen, the Irish woman said, “She struck me on the nose.”

The captain said, “What did you say?”

“He struck me on the nose, he did, begad, he did,” she replied, meaning Jake.

She looked as if she had been struck with a sledge hammer.

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## CATCHING TURTLES

There are no roads in Gray Town. The natives do nearly all their business in canoes. It was amusing to see them catching those large sea turtles. Two of them would go in a canoe. One would have a paddle in the back end and the other would have a pair of oars. When they saw the turtles on the beach digging holes to lay their eggs, they would go very quietly until they were close enough,

then they would row as fast as they could and beach the canoe and jump out and run, and the turtles would see them and break for the water. It was a race for life on the turtles' part, for if the natives could turn one over on its back they had them all right. Some of these turtles were so large it required two natives to turn them over. The captains of the vessels would buy them for about five dollars each and take them to New York and sell them for about fifty dollars apiece to the high toned restaurants.

**A STINGAREE**

There were some French aboard the steamer. They had a siene and they asked the natives if there was a place to get some fish. They said yes, over to the islands. There are three beautiful islands about a half a mile away. They got their seine, and about a dozen natives and their canoes, and started out. There is in these waters what the natives call a stingaree, and I think it is a kind of an eel. When they pulled the seine ashore it had a very large one in it. There was a big husky Frenchman and he thought it was an eel. He grabbed it back of the head and it threw its tail over and struck him on the arm, about five inches below the shoulder. It was not long after this before the boats were seen coming back, and when near enough we could hear the big Frenchman roar. The steamer doctor knew what had happened before he got aboard. He gave external and internal treatment. The Frenchman roared all night, but the next day rested easy. The sting of one of these stingarees is as poison as the bite of a rattle snake. His arm swelled to three times its size and the skin peeled off the ends of his fingers.

The natives of Nicaraugua are black and have straight hair. They are very indolent, as they do not have to rustle for a living. There is a plant growing there that looks like the banana, only larger. It is called the plantain. The natives peel it, slice and fry it, as we do potatoes. The bread fruit they gather and bury in the sand until it turns yellow and then dig a hole in the sand and build a fire in it and when there is a good bed of live coals put the fruit in and cover it with more coals and bake till done. It tastes somewhat like sweet potatoes.

There is in that country a very large lizzard called the aquanno lizzard. The largest get to be three feet long. They hunt them with dogs. The dogs tree them and the 5 natives climb up and knock them down. The natives eat them and prefer them to chicken. Cocoanuts are a great food for them.

It is quite interesting the way they keep Sunday. In the morning they go to church, then come home for lunch. After this is over they then engage in horse racing, dog fighting and cock fighting—and they sure have some real game birds. At night there is always a big fandango, or dance.

They live in huts made of bamboo poles set in the ground and covered, top and sides, with palm leaves. The palm leaves are very large—one of them being exhibited in the British museum in London that is thirty feet in length and twenty feet wide. They grow the largest in the Amazon valley, along the Amazon river.

**CROSSING THE ISTHMUS**

The Nicaraugua river was very low. We came up it in flat boats until we came to the Castilian Rapids. These rapids were made by the natives a long time ago when the Spaniards took Mexico and their country was in danger of an invasion. They went to the mountain side, which extends to the river and is covered with large boulders, and rolled them into the river until the rapids were formed. No kind of a boat can go over them. I think there are more sharks in the Nicaraugua river than any other river in the world. Above the rapids we saw so many and did not know what they were, and when we tried to catch them they bit our lines in two. One man had a large sturgeon hook. We baited this with a piece of pork and caught sixteen in less than an hour. There were some French in the party, and they skinned, fried and ate them and said they were good. We had to lay over at the rapids until the natives could transport the baggage around the rapids, then we took a river steamer and came to Lake Nicaraugua. Here we found a steamer as large as an ocean steamer. We crossed the lake to Egg Harbor, and then we had twelve miles of land to cross. This route is all waterway except this stretch of twelve miles to the Pacific. The natives and the Mexicans had horses and mules galore to transport the passengers. The company also had a great many Concord coaches and it was as good as a circus to see those little Mexican mules harnessed to a coach. Some

had never had a harness on. They would buck and run and the Mexican vacqueros, one riding on each side, with long quirts, would keep them company, whipping and yelling as they went.

The company issued tickets here to all the passengers, good for two dollars and a half, and one could walk the twelve miles and present his ticket at the Company's office when he got to the coast, or if he went by stage he gave it to the driver—or he could get a hosse or mule to ride by giving the ticket to the owner. Jake and I concluded we 6 would not go across that night but stay until morning. We went to the hotel, kept by a big native. For supper we had eggs galore, bread and some kind of meat that was very tough—the more you chewed on it the larger it got, so we asked the native what kind of meat it was and you can imagine our surprise on being told that it was monkey steak.

They hauled the baggage with oxen on two-wheeled Mexican carts. The yoke was laid on the neck of the oxen, just back of the horns, and fastened by winding a rope around the butt of the horns, and an ox had to have a good stiff neck to pull much of a load.

**SHOTGUN AND MULE.**

The country is quite hilly and the oxen would sometimes get half way up hill, then balk and back all the way down. The drivers would then attempt it again. I could not understand the language used but it sure was fierce. Jake and I were not in a hurry to start. He had a young black mule and I had a good horse. He had bought a fine shot gun in New York and wherever he went he took the gun with him. When his mule concluded to turn back every time it got a hundred yards from the corral I said “Fire the gun off past her ear.” No sooner had I said it than Jake fired—and then the fun began. The mule started to whirl around and continued to do so. No circus animal could hold a candle to that mule. Pretty soon Jake began to holler for me to stop her, so I said, “Fire the other barrel past the other ear; but he refused and continued to yell “Stop her, or I will fall off,” and he was getting so dizzy that he could hardly stick on, so I ran my horse up past him and the mule followed on the way.

**WE RESCUE A BABY.**

Among the passengers was a man and his wife who had been sick the whole trip. They had a baby about a year old. They took the stage but were too sick to give the baby any care so they gave a native two dollars and a half to take it across. Part way Jake and I overtook him. I said, “Look, that native has the baby. If he should go off in the woods they would never see it again. I am going to take it away.”

Jake said, “You'll get into trouble,” but I rode up along side of the native and said, “Give me that baby.”

He said “No.” But when he saw that I meant it he gave it up, and when we got in they were looking for the native, and were very thankful to me when they saw that I had brought the baby in.

The soil in these hills is about the same as in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, the oak and pine are the same, but grow thicker.

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**ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO**

When we got to Acapulco they ran into the harbor for coal, but no one was allowed to go ashore. Maximillian had possession of the town and we could see his soldiers drilling. We steamed into San Francisco harbor in the morning and stayed there three days, then taking a boat to Sacramento and from there another boat to Marysville. There were no railroads in California at that time. From Marysville we hired a four horse team to take us to Oroville. When we got there we found our brother John awaiting us. One of my little nephews took the measles on board the steamer and he lingered for a few days and died. He was a beautiful, quiet child.

Brother John and his partners were mining on Oregon Gulch, so we helped them mine for a few days. There was an old lady there by the name of Simpson who kept a road house and I hired her to

tend the garden and tend bar. The miners would come and play cards and drink and get in a fight. This kind of a life did not suit me. One month was enough for me and I quit.

**HURDY GURDY GIRLS ARRIVE.**

Previously to this time (1858) the miners as a part of their amusements, often had stag dances in the bar-rooms, the ladies being represented by men with a white handkerchief tied about their arms. Later, the hurdy-gurdy girls came. These girls, mostly of German birth, came four together, accompanied by a boy who played an accordeon. The dances were in bar-rooms, and the dance cost the men fifty cents, one-half of which went to the bar, the other to the girl. These girls traveled on foot from camp to camp, and remained in one camp as long as it was profitable. Stringtown was one of their most favored places.

Cherokee Flat was a booming mining camp at that time, their monthly clean up running from forty to sixty thousand dollars. When they took the gold to Oroville, they had a very fast team. Two men, each with a double-barreled shotgun, sat in the back seat of the wagon and another similarly equipped sat beside the driver. They were never robbed.

Senator George C. Perkins ran a grocery store in Oroville when I came and he had the patronage of the entire mountain country and the miners and surrounding valley farmers as well. If a miner was broke and went to Perkins for a grub stake he was never refused, and quite often they would give him an interest in a very rich claim.

**HIGH FINANCE**

During the war greenbacks throughout California were below par. They fluctuated a great deal and at one time were worth only thirty cents on the dollar. In the east the premium on gold equaled the discount on greenbacks. In 8 California, where everything sold for gold, the merchant sold his goods for gold and sent it east and got the premium and exchanged for greenbacks and bought his goods with greenbacks and then sold them for gold, so you can see what a great profit they made.

The depreciation of paper currency continued until the inauguration of the Specia Payment Act which made the greenbacks as good as gold.

When I came to California I found all the best land taken in grants ceded to the owners by the Mexican government and confirmed by the United States; of course some were fraudulent and rejected. There was a large grant bordering Chico on the south. It was very rich land and was known as the Hensley Grant. Hensley gave a large strip of this land to Bidwell for services Bidwell rendered him at one time in Washington. Bidwell sold a great number of farms to settlers, but he gave a quit claim deed to all but one and he gave Squire Wright a guaranty deed for 640 acres for which Wright paid seven thousand dollars; then Bidwell was elected to Congress. John Connes was United States Senator and they framed a bill called the “Bidwell-Connes Bill,” the provisions of which were: “The settler who had purchased his land from whom he believed to be a bonafide grant holder could re-purchase his land from the government and get a government title by paying one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. This cleared Bidwell of any further trouble except the 640 acres sold to Wright for which Bidwell had to pay one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. A portion of this grant was not settled until it was rejected.

**A FIFTY-FOUR POUND NUGGET.**

When I first came to Chico there were two stores and one hotel. The hotel was built by Ira Wetherby in 1862. Wetherby was formerly a miner and he took the largest nugget out of his claim ever mined in the United States, it weighed fifty-four pounds and with what he got for it he built the hotel. This hotel was the center of attraction, it was the stopping place for the California and Oregon stages. They changed horses here. They had the best horses the country produced. Wetherby was one of those large hearted men. If a man came to him and said he was broke his answer was, “Whenever that bell rings you go and eat.” His latch string always hung on the outside and it was one of the best hotels in the state. It burned down in 1868 and he built a large hotel where the Majestic now stands. It was built entirely of redwood. It took fire and burned to the ground. This made Wetherby a poor man but he bore his misfortune with the fortitude of one of God's noblemen, which he was.

One of the stores in Chico was kept by Bidwell and George Wood, the other was kept by the Pond Brothers, E. B. Pond and Charles Pond. E. B. Pond ran for Governor, 9 but was defeated and later was elected Mayor of San Francisco.

In 1863 there was organized a company of militia, known as the Chico Home Guards. Joseph Eddy was Captain; Ed Hallet, First Lieutenant and C. L. Stilson, the Second Lieutenant. My brother and I belonged to it. When Bidwell ran for Congress he traveled over his district and made speeches. He invited the company of Chico Home Guards to accompany him to Oroville. He had a number of Concord coaches and everybody rode. He paid all expenses. Oroville and Marysville also had companies of Home Guards. The Marysville Guards invited the Oroville and Chico Guards to Marysville. We accepted the invitation and went to Marysville on the second railroad built in Northern California. It was built by a man by the name of Binney. The Southern Pacific bought it and are using the same route today.

There was in Chico, “The Order of the Union League.” Bidwell, Judge Barger, Judge Hallet and nearly all the union men in the vicinity of Chico belonged to it. My brother and I belonged to it. We pledged ourselves to uphold the Union at all hazards as there were a large number of secessionists in the country.

The first time I saw how the Indians mourned for their dead was in 1863. The little son of the Chief of the Bidwell Indians died. We could hear them moaning so we went. There were six or seven old squaws sitting in the deep dust, they scooped it up with both hands and threw it over themselves and in their hair, howling in a very pitiful manner. They had all the little fellow's playthings on a scaffold and these were buried with him to play with in the Happy Hunting Ground.

The Rancheria was at that time where the Children's Play Grounds is now. The Indians were known by the owner's name of the land on which the rancheria was located such as, the Bidwell Indians, Neal Indians, the Keiffer Indians, Girkney Indians and so on.

When I first knew Bidwell he was a Major for a great many years. The rank was given him in the Mexican war and he was afterwards appointed Brigadier General by one of the Governors of California.

**NEAL DISCIPLINES AN INDIAN.**

There were some very eccentric characters in this country in the early days, one by the name of Sam Neal. This is taken from the memoirs of Sandy Young, his foreman. Neal had a large grant of land, where Durham is now, horses and cattle by the hundreds and also a large rancheria of Indians. He was a perfect tyrant over the Indians. One of them did something one day he did not like so he told the Indian he should ride the horse outlaw. This horse could not be conquered. He would kick, bite and strike and would never quit bucking. All the Indians were afraid 10 of him. He told the Indian vacqueros to put the outlaw in the corral and lasso him. They did, and choked him down and blindfolded him. Neal told the Indian to saddle and ride him. When the Indian got on and raised the blind the horse commenced bucking and trying to get the Indian off. Young and some of the Indians followed on horesback to see what the outcome would be. The horse bucked in a slough out of sight of Young and when he came out the Indian was not on him, so when Young and the Indians rode up there lay the Indian dead. When the horse started up the bank he threw himself over backward and the saddlehorn struck the Indian in the breast and killed him. Young rode back to the ranch and told Neal. Neal told the Indians to take some shovels and bury him.

The old wagon road from Marysville to Chico ran by Neal's place. One evening a man rode up on horesback and asked Neal if this was the Neal ranch. Neal said, “Yes.”

“I would like to stay all night,” said the man.

“I don't keep transient men,” said Neal. This was not the truth, for he kept travelers.

“How far is it to the next place?”

“Six miles, Bidwell keeps travelers.” It had been raining hard all day.

“Well,” said the traveler, “My horse is jaded and I am wet through and I am not going any further. I am going to stop with you.”

“All right” said Neal. He called to the hostler. “Here take this man's horse, give him plenty of hay and barley. Come in and I will order supper. Here, cook give this man a good supper.”

After supper the man dried his clothes by the large fireplace. At bedtime Neal said, “Here is a good warm room and a good bed.”

The next morning the traveler asked what his bill was.

“Nothing at all, when you come by, stop,” said Neal. He had found a man that was game.

There was a desperado in this country by the name of Vasquez. He operated from Amador County up through Butte, robbing and stealing and finally murder. They caught him and he was sentenced to be hung. He had a considerable lot of property and his people were quite wealthy, one of the old Spanish families. He ordered a special coffin with a soft padded cushion. He had it brought in his cell. He examined it, patted the soft cushion and said, “I will sleep here forever well.”

The winter of '63 and '64 was very dry. The ranchers and stockmen of the San Joaquin Valley drove great bands of horses and sheep up through the Sacramento Valley in search of feed. Sheep could be brought for twenty-five cents per head and cows for ten dollars a head.

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## THE MASSACRE OF THE HICKOK CHILDREN

In the settlement of Butte, Tehama and Shasta counties in the early sixties the people living in and along the foot hills were in danger of being slain by a band of Indians, known as the Mill Creeks as their main camp was at Black Rock on Mill Creek. They were a cruel, blood-thirsty band. The chief was called Big Foot, as he had six toes on his right foot.

The killing of the Hickok children was in June, 1862. The Hickok children, two girls and a boy were gathering black berries on Rock Creek about three-quarters of a mile from their home when they were surrounded by a number of Indians. They first shot the oldest girl, she was seventeen years old. When found she was entirely nude. They then shot the younger girl, fifteen years old, but she ran to Rock Creek and fell with her face in the water. They did not take her clothing as she was in full dress when found. Just then Tom Allen came upon the scene. He was hauling lumber for a man by the name of Keefer. They immediately attacked Allen. He was found scalped with his throat cut. Seventeen arrows had been shot in him and seven had gone partly through so that they had to be pulled out the opposite side.

The little boy of twelve years, they captured and took with them. A company of about thirty men started after the Indians. They did not know anything about tracking the Indians and went in the hills without provisions and had to come back. This Mr. Keefer had a rancheria on his ranch, a sawmill in the mountains and a grist mill a short distance below the Hickok home. Mr. Keefer sent for Hi. Good, who was known to be a great Indian trailer, and Indian fighter. When Good arrived Mr. Keefer said, “Mr. Good, I want you to get the Hickok boy, you can have all the money you want.” He then emptied his purse of seventy-five dollars and gave it to Good. Good had a man living with him by the name of Bowman, so he and Bowman, William Sublet and Obe Fields went to the Indian camp at Black Rock, which they found deserted. The finally found the trail going north out of the canyon. This they followed up a long ridge and near the top they found the boy by the odor. They made a litter of their clothing and packed the little fellow out to Good's place in the valley, thirty-five miles. It was a trip that none but heroic men could endure. The little boy was buried by the side of his sisters in the Chico cemetery.

My wife went to school with the baby sister of the Hickok children. She used to cry and tell about the massacre.

The first person buried in the Chico cemetery was a man by the name of Fry, he was killed by the Mill Creek Indians. T. F. Rinehart provided in his will for a monument to be put at Fry's grave.

## THE DIGGER INDIANS

The Digger Indians in the Sacramento Valley were a very filthy lot. They would eat anything, even spoiled meat. The way they caught grasshoppers and ate them would turn the stomach of anyone. When grasshoppers were plentiful they would dig a hole about six feet deep then they would all get a brush and form a large circle and drive the hoppers towards the hole, and when they were all in one of the Indians would jump in with his bare feet and go to stomping and it would soon be a mushy mess. The Indians would then eat them raw and they would sack them up, and take them to camp for winter use, mixing them with acorn flour, which was made by pounding acorns in a stone mortar. The soup was boiled in water-tight baskets by putting hot rocks in the baskets, and it is surprising how soon they would have the water boiling.

## THE MASSACRE OF THE LEWIS CHILDREN

The killing of the Lewis children by the Mill Creek Indians was in the Summer of 1863 on the fifth or sixth of July. Sam Lewis lived on Dry Creek, seventeen miles southeast of Chico on Cherokee road. His children were going to school about two miles from their home. The elder boy, Jimmy, eleven years old, the girl, Thankful, nine, and Little Johnny, six. The little fellow did not go to school regularly but on this particular day asked to go and his mother let him go. As they were returning home in the evening the little boy wanted a drink. They left the road and went to the creek and lay down to drink. The oldest boy was drinking, the little boy and sister were standing waiting for him. The first thing they knew they heard a shot and Jimmy was shot in the back and pitched forward in the water. Four Indians appeared and began throwing rocks and boulders on him to make sure he was dead. The little boy and girl stood looking on, trembling with fear. Six other Indians then joined them, one of them had one big foot and one small one. This was Big Foot, the Chief of the Mill Creeks. They then started for the hills. They forced the children along until way in the night, until they came to Nance Canyon, where they camped. The little girl held the little boy on her lap and did not sleep. They left camp before daylight. Johnny began to cry. He and the little girl

were barefooted. When the little boy began to weaken four of the Indians took him back out of sight of the girl. She said, “You are going to kill little brother, let me go and kiss him.”

They said, “No, he is all right.” She said she knew they had killed him when they came back, as Big Foot had the little boy's hat on his head and one had his clothes.

They then crossed Butte Creek and then Little Chico Creek and between Little and Big Chico Creeks they rounded up some cattle and shot a steer of General Bidwell's. They skinned it and made mocassins, which they tied on 13 their feet. They cut strips of meat and ate it raw, the blood running over their chins. They wanted the little girl to eat it, but she would not. They cut a lot of meat to take with them. They were heavily loaded. The girl had a pair of gold ear rings in her ears. Two Indians attempted to tear them out. She told them she would give the ear rings to them. They began to fight as they both wanted them. She stopped the fight by giving one to each of the Indians.

The Indian who had her in charge was lame and when they crossed the Big Chico Creek he and the girl were some distance behind the others. She told him she wanted to rest and for him to go and get some of them to help him with his load of meat as they could not keep up. He said, “You can rest if you want, run, if you do, I shoot.” She sat down behind a large boulder. The Indian went up the hill until he was out of sight. She then rolled down the hill until she came to the creek, she jumped in and ran down it until the water got too deep. She then ran up the bank and down the creek until she saw a drift pile and she crawled under it and lay very still. Soon she heard them talking as they were looking for her. Finally all was still. She crawled out and ran down the bank of the creek to the Thomasson home and was met at the door by Mrs. Thomasson, in whose oustretched arms she fell.

She told them how the Indians had had her and she got away. Mrs. Thomasson gave her dinner and washed her feet and greased them and made her as comfortable as possible. Just then, Nath. Thomasson came on horseback. He asked if she could go back the way the Indians came. She said she could, so Mrs. Thomasson put a pillow on the horse behind the saddle and put her on it. They went to the butchered steer and when they got to Little Chico Creek the horse could not get up the

bluff, so he took the road and took her home. When they got there Mr. Lewis and his neighbors had found the elder boy and had just buried him.

In the meantime when the children did not come home Mr. Lewis thought they had stayed with their grandmother, who lived near the schoolhouse but he could not rest. The next morning he saddled his horse and went to see where they were and as he was paassing Mr. Ackley's house, Ackley said, “Where are you going, Sam?” He said that he was going to see why the children did not come home. Mr. Ackley said. “They passed here before sundown.”

Mr. Lewis said, “My children are killed by the Indians.” He then rode back and saw the Indian's tracks in the road and rode home and told Mrs. Lewis. He then notified his neighbors and they soon found Jimmy, the murdered boy.

When Mr. Thomasson came with the little girl she said she could take them to the place where she last saw Johnny. So she directed them and when they got to the place she told them to hunt for him. They soon found him where he had been thrown in a large manzanita bush. He had been beaten with clubs and rocks and stripped naked. He was so 14 bruised and beaten they could not dress him to bury him. They wrapped him in a sheet and laid him in the coffin.

In the morning when they left the camp in Nance Canyon one of the Indians left the others and went to the valley. The little girl did not know if he went to the Neal Rancheria or to the Bidwell Rancheria.

This brutal murder aroused the whole country, so there was a mass meeting held at the Pentz Ranch about two miles from the Lewis home. People came from all over the county, about five hundred in number. Some wanted to kill all the Indians in the valley and in the hills. General Bidwell was there and plead for his Indians, saying he knew them to be innocent, and I believe they were.

All the Indians in the hills were notified to be at the Bidwell Rancheria by a certain date or if caught in the hills after that date they would be shot on sight. A great many came and one day was set for Mr. Lewis and the little girl to come and investigate. They took the little girl and led her by the row

of Indians. She finally stopped and took a good look at one of the Indians and said: “He looks just like the one that left the others the morning they killed Johnny.” There was another Indian who had the name of being a bad one. It did not take more than suspicion to shoot an Indian in those days. They quickly tied their hands behind them and took them just to the outskirts of the town and there Mr. Lewis and six or seven of his neighbors tied the Indians to two small trees and Mr. Lewis and the others all shot at once and two Indians went to the Happy Hunting Ground.

## BUY A RANCH ON LITTLE CHICO

When my oldest brother came back in '56 he told how the stockmen rodeoed their cattle and if there was any over six months old that was not marked or branded they belonged to whoever got them. My brother and I bought a ranch in the Little Chico Canyon. One day in the winter of 1863 and '64 I took the gun and went down the creek hunting. As I was going through the brush I saw a very fat calf. I could not see any mark or brand, so I shot it. I hurried back home and told my brothers to come with me as I had killed a fine fat wild calf. The man we had bought the ranch from was living with us; he rose up and said, “What did you shoot,” I told him. He said, “I will bet it is one of old Seeley's and if he finds it out he will send you up.” We went and got the calf. If I had been arrested, I suppose it would have gone hard with me, but I was perfectly innocent of doing any wrong but I was badly scared.

My first vote was cast for Lincoln in 1864. I was nineteen years old, having been born October 6th, 1845. The way I came to vote was that there was a military company of Home Guards in Chico; my brothers and I belonged to it; there were quite a number of the company boys in Chico on election day, and one came to me and asked me if I had 15 voted. I said, “No, I am not old enough.” He said, “Go on and vote, no one will challenge you.” There were no registration at that time. I went to the polls and our first lieutenant was one of the election board; I got a ballot and voted. The election was held across the street from the Park Hotel in a small wooden building.

## THE ASSASSINATION OF LIEUTENANT DAVID W. LIVERGOOD

The assassination of Lieutenant David W. Livergood occurred on the 14th day of April, 1865. Livergood came to Chico with a company of his soldiers, under Captain Doty, Livergood was one of those genial, pleasant men, always a gentleman and a perfect soldier. There was a private in the company by the name of Hudson. He was in the habit of going to town and getting drunk. The day before he shot Livergood he was drunk in line. Lovergood ordered two men to take him out of line and march him around the parade ground double-quick. Hudson made the remark that this was the last time Livergood would ever talk double quick. Later in the day he was on guard and saw Livergood coming and up and shot him dead and made his escape the next day. The captain ordered J. H. Allen to take two men and go in search of Hudson. They went north and crossed the Sacramento river at Tehama. Going down the road on the Tehama side they saw a man coming toward them. “There he comes,” said Allen. He knew him by the U.S. shoes he had on. They expected a fight so they pulled their guns on him and said, “Hands up.” He made no resistance. They brought him to Chico where he was court martialed and sent to Sacramento, where he was hanged.

In 1864 and 1865 there were quite a number of persons sent to Fort Alcatraz from Butte county. There was one who when Lincoln was assassinated, made very filthy remarks about Lincoln and preached Jeff Davis. When Captain Doty, who was in command of the soldiers at Chico, heard of his remarks he detailed three men to bring the man to camp. This man had always made his boast about what he would do if the soldiers tried to get him and packed a large Colt revolver. The soldiers rode to his home and asked for him. His daughter said he was on the plains looking after his stock. They rode away and soon saw a man on horseback. They rode up and one said, “Is your name Stewart.”

He said, “Yes,” and about that time he was looking in the barrels of two carbines. One rode up and took the revolver. They then tied his feet under the horse's belly and led him to camp. He was sent to Alcatraz for three months.

**TOLL ROAD FROM CHICO TO SUSANVILLE**

The legislature granted a franchise to John Bidwell, J. C. Mandeville, R. N. Cochran, D. M. Reavis and John Guill to construct a toll road from Chico to Susanville. They incorporated as the “Chico and Humboldt Wagon Road company.” There were very few grades as the road went mostly over the tops of the hills. In coming down the summit on the east side a teamster with a heavy load would cut a tree and chain it to the hind axle of his wagon and drag it, to act as a brake. There was a road from Red Bluff and one from Oroville to Susanville before the one from Chico. Bidwell, who put nearly all the money in the road, finally bought the other parties out and conducted it as a toll road. He made great improvements in the way of grades.

In the Idaho excitement there were a number from Chico who hauled freight from Chico to Idaho with ox teams. In the spring of 1865 Pierce and Francis started a weekly saddle train and stage route over this road. They were backed by Bidwell. The first saddle train left Chico, April 3rd, 1865. The passengers paid a fare of sixty-six dollars to ride a horse or mule, this included their blankets and provisions which were part of the pack train. The animals were not very well broken and quite a number were bucked off. The stock was all bought from Bidwell. The first stage left Chico, July 10th, 1865.

**HOLDUPS ON CHICO ROAD IN 1865.**

In September, 1865, James Doyle, living in Honey Lake valley, started with an ox team and two wagons to go to Oroville for the winter supplies; when just west of Mountain Meadows, two men stepped out of the brush and ordered him to hold up his hands; robbing him of four hundred dollars, his grub and tobacco, going then to the summit to hold up the Chico and Idaho stage. The stage would reach the top of the summit at daybreak. There the driver blew a horn to notify the hostler to have horses ready, as they changed here and stopped twenty minutes for breakfast. At the Dye ranch on the head of Butte Creek the robbers were hidden behind a jutting rock; it is called “Robbers Rock” today; when the stage came in sight they stepped out and pulled their guns on the driver and ordered him to halt, they then ordered the passengers out. There were seven of them; they took all their money and valuables. A Mr. Green, who kept the Sutters Post at White Horse, Nevada was robbed of twenty-six hundred dollars in greenbacks. There was a little Jew among the passengers

who had four thousands dollars packed in his blankets, this the robbers did not get; they took his small change. There was a man who had a very fine watch, the robbers took it out of his pocket and the man said, “If you take that watch you have got to fight, my father gave it to me.” Mr. Robber handed 17 it back and said, “All right.” Sandy Young, one of the old Indian fighters, was among the passengers; at that time he was foreman for Bidwell; they robbed him of about seven hundred dollars. Then they were ordered in the stage and the driver told to drive on. He drove to the Dye ranch and then had breakfast while the hostler changed horses. Young said that he was going to get the robbers and asked Green to go with him, but Green concluded that he had not lost any money. Young got in the stage and came to the forks of Butte Creek and from there he went to Deer Creek Meadows. There was a family living at the forks of Butte Creek by the name of Morris. Their son, Jake, about eighteen years old, asked Young if he might go with him; Young gave his consent and the boy loaded his old double barrelled shotgun with nine buck shot in each barrel and they started for Deer Creek Meadows, nine miles farther on.

When they got there they found Hi Good, the Indian trailer and Indian fighter, William Sublet and Abe Fields. They went to the scene of the holdup and tracked the robbers the next day. The third day Good told Young and the others that he believed they were very near the robbers. As they were going up a hill Good said, “There is a little meadows and a spring at the top of the hill.” When they got near the top Good said, “You stop here and I will crawl up and see if they are there.” His guess had been correct. He came back and said, “You crawl up and when I raise my hand, all rise up and pull on them and I will say, “Hands up.” When Good said, “Hands up,” they were covered with five guns. Two of them threw up their hands and the third one started to run. Good fired over him thinking he would stop, but he would not; then Good said to Young, “Plug him.” Young fired, the bullet struck him in the back and came out just below the navel. As he fell he threw something in the grass. Good told Fields and Morris to guard the two while he, Young and Sublet went to see how badly he was hurt. They found him mortally wounded and it was Young's watch he had thrown in the grass. They made a litter and made the other two pack him to Prattville. Doctor Pratt did what he could for him but the next day he died and was buried in Prattville. The other two were sent to Quincy for trial. They were found guilty and sent up for life. They did not get but a few dollars of

the money. The robbers wanted to talk together but they would not let them. I always though if they had they might have told where the money was cashed.

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## THE MASSACRE AT THE WORKMAN HOME

The massacre at the Workman Home in Concow Valley was in August, 1865. The Workman family consisted at the time of which I write of Mrs. Workman, her sister, Miss Smith, who had just come from Australia, and an old man, who went by the name of English John. Mr. Workman was a miner; his claim was some distance from his home, and he would be at the mine for several days at a time before coming home.

On the 26th day of August, Mrs. Workman and Miss Smith were making dresses of fine silk, that Miss Smith had brought her. Miss Smith looked up the road and saw nine Indians coming. She said, “See those Indians? How savage they look and they have guns.” As the Indians started to come in the front gate she quickly locked the front door and ran out the back door. One of the Indians ran around the house and as she came out shot her, she ran to the barn, where she fell. Mrs. Workman ran screaming, and as she came out the Indian struck her on the head with his gun knocking her down; he then threw a large rock on her chest. The old man was working in the garden under the hill when he heard the shot and Mrs. Workman's scream, started for the house and as he came to the garden gate, one of the Indians shot him through the heart. The Indians then robbed the house. They cut Miss Smith's throat, scalped her and mutilated her body in such a shocking manner it is unprintable. They then cut the old man's throat and scalped him. They seemed to have forgotten Mrs. Workman at the back door as they did not molest her.

Sometime after the Indians had gone Mrs. Workman regained consciousness. She could not walk, so she crawled down the road to Mr. Mullen's place. Mullen went to a quartz mill nearby and gave the alarm. The miners all turned out, but it was after dark before they reached the Workman home and they did not find Miss Smith's body until the next morning. Mrs. Workman lingered for some time before she died.

The Indians, after taking all in the house, including sixteen hundred dollars in English sovereigns belonging to Miss Smith, Workman's gold watch and gold dust, they started down the road. As they came around a bend they met Joe Miller, father of Wendell Miller, President of the First National Bank of Chico. They immediately fired on him. He was riding a mule which took fright and ran away. One bullet struck the saddle horn and one struck Mr. Miller in the right side, just below the ribs, followed around the abdomen, just tearing the skin and came out on the left side. Miller had a leather bound account book in his right side pocket, the bullet struck it and it was all that saved his life. He said he did not think a mule could run as fast as that one did. He took around through the brush and got to his home in Cherokee. When they came to dress 19 the wound they found he was not as badly wounded as they thought at first.

At that time I was working for a man by the name of Tood, about one mile north of Durham. On the 27th of August about eleven o'clock the thresher broke down and as there was no foundry nearer than Marysville it would take four or five days before the thresher would be in running order, so Mr. Tood paid off the hands and asked them in to dinner and asked all to come back and help him out with his crop. At the dinner table came the news of the Workman family at Concow.

I had my saddle horse and I started home. We lived at that time in Little Chico Canyon. On my way I saw nine or ten men coming along the foot of the hill. I rode over to them and asked where they were going, they said that they were trailing the Indians. I told them R. A. Anderson had sent work that if the Indians committed any depredations about here we should come north to Rock Creek and head them off. I then turned and started for Rock Creek and got there just at dark. Jack Houser had a tannery there. Henry and Frank Curtis and Tom Gore were there and the five of use went to the Gore barn and stayed until it began to get light. The next morning we went up the road to the old Hickok cabin where we found the tracks of the Indians. They had gone to the cabin and looked in. It was the place where the Hickok children lived when they were murdered by this same band of Indians.

We went back to Mr. Gore's. Mrs. Gore gave me breakfast and I then started for R.A. Anderson's and met Mr. Anderson, his wife and children going to Gore's place to spend the day. Mrs. Gore was Mrs. Anderson's mother. Anderson had his old long rifle with him.

Houser and the Curtises' wanted to go direct to Deer Creek, but I told them it would not be right as the Concow men had come so far. I came back along the foothills looking for them and found them at Mud Creek. Hardy Thomasson, my neighbor, was with them. I told them to come with me to Gore's, that Anderson and several others were there waiting for them. When we arrived Mrs. Gore gave us our dinner, then we started for Deer Creek. Thomasson and I had our saddle horses. We gave them to the men from Concow who had come so far and they would change off riding when we got to Good's place on Deer Creek. The sheep herder said Good had gone to Tehama and that he would be back before night.

When Good came and was told about the murder he said, “All right, we will go for them in the morning. How are you fixed for grub? We told him we had raw bacon and crackers. He said, “Save it, no telling how long we will be out.” He then jumped over the fence and caught a large fat wether and cut his throat and said for us to make our supper and breakfast on mutton. We got some salt and 20 cut strips of mutton and roasted it and made supper and breakfast of it the next morning.

We started very early. There were sixteen of us. We went up in the hills on the south side of Deer Creek until we came to Deer Creek flats. Good and Anderson told us to wait and they would go ahead and look for the Indians' trail. They found it at the upper spring. They then called us from there. We went down a long ridge until we came to Deer Creek. We saw the tracks in the sand. The Chief, Old Big Foot, and his son, Young Big Foot, were both in the party; both had six toes on the right foot. We took our clothes off and forded the creek and followed the trail up the north side of the creek until we came to the foot of Iron Mountain. Here we lost the trial as there were so many tracks going in every way.

As we were looking to see which way they had gone William Merathew went in a thicket and the first thing we knew he came running. We thought to see an Indian at his heels and instantly a half

dozen guns were in readiness to stop Mr. Red Skin, when we saw him grab his hat and fight the yellow jackets. He had got in their nest. One of the men went to the creek and called us, he had found a large tree that had floated down and made a fine crossing. We crossed over and found the Indian camp deserted. It had been occupied by the squaws and papooses while the Indians were away. They had left in the morning, we knew, as there was still coals in their fires. We slicked off strips of raw bacon and put it between two crackers and this was our supper. When we were after the Indians no one was allowed to build a fire or fire a gun, for we never knew how near we were to them. The next morning we had breakfast of raw bacon and crackers. At break of day we were climbing out of Deer Creek. On the north side of this canyon is a spring named by the emigrants who came by the Lassen Trail route as Grape Vine Spring. Here the Indians had stopped and undone some of their packages. I found a spool of silk thread and showed it to Good. He said, “All right, boys, we will get them.” We went to the top of the hill and came to the Lassen Trail. Here one of the men left us, saying that he was sick. This left fifteen of us. The next canyon to cross was Boat Gunnell Hollow, it was very brushy and we were always on the lookout for fear of being ambushed.

Good and Anderson said they were sure we would find the Indians at Black Rock on Mill Creek. After crossing Boat Gunnell we went down a long barren ridge into Mill Creek with Anderson in the lead. He dropped suddenly to his knees and said, “Keep low, boys.” I crawled up and asked him what he had seen. On the north side of Mill Creek is a long and very high bluff, at the foot of which is a number of springs; they make a green sward of the hillside. Anderson said, “Look about the center of that green 21 place, and as he turned we could see his gun barrel glisten when the sun shone on it. It was so far we could just see a small object, so we swung off to the left and went down the water way of the ravine. It was very rough. When we got about half way down we came to a place of very steep slick lava; at the foot of it, it broke in a bluff about eight feet high. We could not go around it for the brush. Good said, “Uncap your guns and straddle a stick just like you did when you were boys.” We did and when we started we sure went, it was like going on ice. When we got to the bottom we had to jump about eight feet. We all got down all right.

When we got to Mill Creek we lay down in a patch of tall rushes growing there. Good and Anderson left their guns with us and crawled up the creek with their revolvers to see if they could

locate the camp. They came back about dark and said they saw two squaws gathering something on the hillside and watched to see where they went. They came to the creek. We lay there until ten o'clock at night, then we took our clothes off and crossed the creek and lay down on the rocks on the hillside.

At daybreak Anderson took half the men and formed a half circle to the left and Good took the other half and formed a half circle to the right with Good and Anderson in the center. Anderson told Curtis and I to go down the creek through the thicket and said he would let us know if anything turned up. Where we had come down the creek was a chaparral thicket. Sometimes we would have to crawl to get through. William Merithew was on the extreme right and I was on the extreme left.

The creek had formed a sand bar on which the Indians were camped. Back of the sand bar the creek had washed and made a bank eight or ten feet high which hid them from us. Merithew had traveled fast and had gotten to the creek some distance below the sand bar when we looked up the creek and saw an Indian coming off the sand bar with a gun. He was too far to chance a shot, then we saw Anderson coming down the hill toward the creek and motioned to him. Anderson ran but the Indian had seen him and ducked under the bank and ran to the ford and started to cross. The Indian had not seen Good, who by this time had got to about twenty yards of the ford. When the Indian got in the creek, he could not run, as it was too swift and Good shot him. The bullet struck him below the right shoulder and came out at the left breast, he crossed the creek and ran down about twenty steps along the bank and fell.

As soon as Good shot, Anderson shouted, “Down the creek, boys, down the creek.” We ran down the creek to the Indian camp where all was confusion. It came like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky. The plan had been carried out with such discretion that they did not dream of a white man being within miles of them, nor did they think they 22 had seen their last day on earth, or scalped the last white woman or murdered the last little child. The fight was fast and furious for about twenty minutes. Hi Good and Hardy Thomasson ran across the creek and as I looked down the creek I saw an Indian running down along it. I called to Good and Thomasson to look out down the creek. The Concow men said, “We will get him.” They fired revolvers and shot guns, but the Indian kept

on running, so I said, “You will get nothing.” So I yelled and they both heard me and both ran, Thomasson got to the creek just as the squaw was crossing and said, “Come back or I will shoot.” She came out to him. She had a little Indian girl strapped on her back. We could not tell from where we were whether it was a buck or squaw. By this time the fight was all over, except one Indian, who had gotten on a high bluff east of us. He kept loading and firing as fast as he could. We could hear the bullets whistle, but they aimed too high and struck in the hill back of us. Anderson said, “I will stop him.” He raised his gun and elevated it so he thought it would reach him and fired. The bullet struck between the Indian's feet and scattered the lava all over him. He was so scared he fell down and then jumped up, grabbed a small bundle and his gun and run in the brush and that was the last we saw of him. While he was shooting at us he yelled terrible oaths at us.

The next thing was what to do with the squaw and papoose. One of the buck shot had struck her on the right ankle bone and glanced down the thick skin of her heel. One of the men took his knife and cut it out, then we filled the cut with pine pitch. We concluded to bring her to Chico and turn her over to Bidwell and his Indians and tell them to have her forthcoming at any time we would ask to see her.

The first Indian shot by Good had Workman's stove pipe hat on his head and one of Workman's white shirts on. This was all in the way of clothing. I saw him lying with the rifle in his hand so I went to get it, but Good got to him first and was scalping him. I saw he had in his belt a very nice ivory-handled revolver and the muzzle loading pistol I have and two large knives. As I was taking the belt, Good said, “Give me the revolver, won't you?

“Sure,” I replied, and laid it by his feet. The Indian had a death grip on the rifle and Good and I had to pry his hand open to get it. The summer before they had robbed the Dargy home on Big Chico Creek of everything, they even emptied the feather beds of the feathers and took the ticks and had taken the rifle. We knew it to be the Dargy rifle, so Thomasson and I carried it out to Good's place on Deer Creek, 35 miles, besides our own guns. It was a task never to be forgotten. He told Dargy he could get it at Good's place, which he did.

We gathered all the Indian plunder we did not want and 23 burned it. I got some very nice keepsakes and took some of them East with me and gave them to my sister and mother.

The Concow men who had seen how horrible Miss Smith had been mutilated could not get enough revenge, it seemed. I saw one of them after an Indian was killed and scalped, cut his throat and twist his head half off and he said, “You will not kill any more women and children.” After Good had taken all the scalps, which he did in this way—he took a buckskin string and sack needle and tied a knot in the end and salted the scalp and run the needle through it down to the knot, then tied another knot about two inches above the scalp and it was ready for the next one. The string was fastened to his belt and you can imagine a great tall man with a string of scalps from his belt to his ankle. When this was finished we had breakfast, it consisted of one soda cracker and a small piece of raw bacon.

In coming to this country Miss Smith had brought some very fine silks and shawls, these the squaws had torn in strips and had them pinned over their shoulders.

About eight o'clock we started for home. It was thirty-five miles to Good's place, the nearest white habitation. We had water three times. The Emigrant Spring on the Lassen Trail had gone dry, so we cut sticks and dug until we got water. We all drank and gave the squaw a drink, then we were ready to come on but the squaw would not come. We tried every way to persuade her; cut a cane and took hold of her arms, to help her and did all we could, but she was determined she would not come. Good told us to give the baby to him, and set it on the knapsack, it had to hold fast or fall off so it put its arms around Good's neck and he went down the hill out of sight. We though she would follow the child but she would not. Curtis told her to go back. She went back fifty or sixty yards to where the trail passed between two big rocks. Here she lay down and pulled the shawl over her head. Curtis went back. We heard the revolver shot and we knew what had happened.

We got to Good's place after dark and we were so tired we lay down without any supper. The Indians had a large white dog that had disappeared in the fight. Just as we lay down the shephered dogs began to fight so I struck a light and here was that Indian dog. Good got a chain and captured

him and gave him to Mrs. Lewis on Deer Creek. The Mill Creeks were so thoroughly punished that they never committed any more murders.

The next morning Thomasson and I saddled our horses and came to Pine Creek to the Oak Grove Hotel and Stage Station. It was owned by a Mr. Phillips and rented to Mr. Hickok, the father of the children that had been murdered by the Mill Creeks. We stopped and asked if we could get breakfast. Mrs. Hickok gave us a good breakfast and when we asked Mr. Hickok what the bill was he said half a dollar a piece. We paid it willingly as we had had nothing to eat 24 since the morning before at Black Rock, when our breakfast had consisted of one soda cracker and a small slice of raw bacon. I always thought if it had been me when asked what the price was for breakfast and it had been my children that had been murdered by those Indians, I would have said, “Nothing at all, there is nothing too good in this place for you men.” We then started for Chico twelve miles farther on. When we got to Bidwell's we told of the good luck we had in surrounding the Indian camp and sending a good many Indians to the happy hunting ground.

Bidwell immediately ordered two four-horse teams hitched to two coaches and ordered them to go as fast as possible and meet the Concow men and bring them to Chico. He then went to the Chico Hotel and told Mr. Wetherby, the proprietor, to give them the best dinner the market afforded and charge it to him. After dinner he ordered his drivers to take the men home to Concow valley.

Good kept the little Indian girl. The next spring when I was at Good's place, I asked Good where she was. He said that she was out gathering flowers. Presently she came and stood between his knees, he patted her head and she went to sleep. Good put her in a little bed and said, “When she wakes up I will show you something.” Good had a partner by the name of Barrington, a Frenchman. Mrs. Barrington was Spanish. When the little girl awoke and came out Good spoke to Barrington and his wife and they all three talked to her. Barrington spoke French, Mrs. Barrington Spanish and Good English, and the little girl could speak all three languages. Good at that time was running a pack train to Idaho. Mrs. Barrington wanted to go to her people in Mexico as Good bought Barrington out and told them when they left to take the little girl up the canyon to the old sheep herder who had a squaw for his wife and while Good was gone the little girl took sick and died.

## THE ROBBING OF THE SILVA HOME.

The robbing of the Silva home by the Mill Creek Indians, was on April 24th, 1866. Mr. Silva was away, Mrs. Silva and the hired man were at the ranch. About noon they saw a swarm of bees go by and light down the canyon. They took a box and went to hive them. When this was done they started for the house and saw the Indians packing the bedding out. Just then the Indians saw them and fired, but they were too far away and did not get hit. They immediately started for our home, about a mile down the canyon. The hired man got there first and all he could say was, “Indians.” Immediately after came Mrs. Silva. When she got there she fell in a faint. My brother's wife restored her. I was away. My brother told his wife to run some bullets for the big rifle, while he caught a horse. (In those days we had muzzle loading fire arms.) He took the gun and rode up the canyon as fast as he could but when 25 he got there the Indians were gone. He went on up the canyon to Boness' place; here he found Boness, Jack Reed and Dutch Charley; the three came to our house with him.

Just then I got home. They told me. I got my gun and we started. We got to Chico and it being Sunday, the two stores were closed, so we found one of the clerks and got two sacks of crackers and two sides of bacon and away we went.

We rode to the Phillbrook place on Mud Creek and slept in a barn. Mr. Phillbrook gave us breakfast and we started for R. A. Anderson's place on Rock Creek. Mr. Anderson, Perry McIntosh, Tom Gore, Rich Goe and Boliver made the party. We then went to Good's place on Deer Creek. Good said it was impossible for him to go. He was running a pack train to Idaho and his forty pack animals and men and merchandise were there and all ready to start next morning. He said that, if the Indians had committed murder he would go, but as it was just robbery we would have to let him off, and as Anderson could track the Indians we started on.

We found their trail on Deer Creek Flats. These flats are not on the creek, but on the bluff. We then went down the Indian trail to the creek, where we found the Indians had crossed. There were two large lava boulders in the creek. The Indians had made a crossing by putting poles from the bank to

the rock and from rock to rock. After they had crossed they pulled the last span and let it go down the creek. When we saw what they had done we were up against it as the creek was very high. Jack Reed was one of those men, who at all time had a way of getting out of difficulties, he said, “I will go on the bridge to the farthest rock and you go and get long poles and shove in the creek; slant them so they will drift toward the opposite side.” We did as he said and he caught two and rolled them on the bank. Then he took and put the end he had in notches in the rock. We then crossed, all but McIntosh. He would come across to the further rock and then go back. It was a dangerous crossing. If a man fell in he would have drowned as the creek was a roaring torrent. We coaxed and pleaded and finally were going to leave him when he came over.

We traveled up the creek and came to a very high bluff. Here we found a trail going up the bluff. It was very steep, but the only way. We had to go Indian file one behind the other. When we got to the top, my brother, Jake, was in the lead, Anderson next and I next. I heard Jake say, “There they are, Bob.” From the top of the bluff the ground sloped to a ravine about fifty or sixty yards and there they were camped.

We ran down among them. It was a great surprise to the Indians, and also to us as we did not think of finding them there. But then the thing was on in earnest, every one loading and firing as fast as he could and Indians 26 dropping or trying to get away. Some were badly wounded.

Mrs. Silva some time before had gone to Chico and bought a wide brimmed spring hat and had had the milliner put flowers all over it; one young Indian had the hat tied on his head and when they broke to run Anderson started after him. They had a muddy flat to cross, and I believe that Indian could out-run anyone in the United States if Anderson was after him. I ran across the ravine and had got on the bank and as I looked down I saw an Indian running down the ravine. I started after him. He was bothered in running as it was very rocky and I had good ground and as I gained on him I thought I would chance a shot. I did not know where brother Jake was until I heard him say, “See those two running through the buck brush.” I heard him shoot. He said, “I have got one.” The one I was after kept running as my shot had not stopped him. I continued running after him, loading as I ran. The water at the foot of the ravine ran over a bluff, about seven feet high, in sheets

about six feet wide. On the south there was a thicket under the bluff and when the Indian jumped off the bluff I lost sight of him. Jake came up and said, “What became of your Indian.” I said, “He is in that thicket.” Jake went around and got down the bluff and went through the thicket. Then Anderson came; I told him the Indian must be in the thicket. He told Jake to be careful, but he made a thorough search and said, “He is not there.” I was beaten, as the hillside was all open country, and if he had gone in any direction I would have seen him.

When Jake got in front of the waterfall he said, “There is a great hole in the rock under that water.” He cocked his gun, sprang through the waterfall and instantly we heard the shot, he hollered, “He is here. I got him.” He came backing out through the waterfall, dragging the Indian out by his long hair.

Jake and I went to find the Indian Jake shot. He had a red bandana handkerchief; this, Jake said he threw up when the bullet hit him. We found the handkerchief, it had files, shoemaker's thread and wax, sack twine and needles and was full of such things, but we could not find the Indian. Anderson called us and said, “They are just like ground squirrels, hard to kill.” The Indian was found in '70 by Drennans.

The Indian Anderson took after lost the flowered bonnet. Anderson had it and in the chase lost his hat. We went back to their camp and got almost all they had stolen. There was a man in our party by the name of Boliver. The Indians, after robbing the Silva home, went by Boliver's place and robbed it. Jake was prowling around the camp and directly he came back with a new pair of boots. Boliver said that they looked just like a pair of boots he had bought Saturday. He was a large man and the boots just fit him. He had on a pair of old shoes that were worn out, so he threw them away and wore the boots.



When they robbed the Boliver home his saddle horse was in the corral; the Indians caught and hamstrung it and when found, was sitting with its forefeet on the ground. Boliver had to shoot him.

Mr. Silva had taken his pack horse. We left all our horses at Good's place, so we all took a load of plunder and packed it out to the valley. Anderson was riding a very small white mule and as we were coming down the stage road one of the party said that Anderson must wear the flowered hat. We untied it from the top of the pack and Anderson being such a large man we had to tie it on his head. We then took a scalp and fastened it on the mule's rump. We met several emigrant wagons going to Oregon. When we met them the drivers would stop and the canvas would part, and the women and children's heads would poke out. It was a sight to see that large man riding such a small mule, the long rifle across in front of him and the flowered bonnet and the long haired scalp. This was the last time we had to punish those Indians.

## THE GUIRKEY INCIDENT

I see the Stanford Ranch is being sold off in tracts and in passing I will give you a brief sketch of the man who Stanford purchased his ranch from. His name was Guirkey. He was a short, heavy set German and a great bluffer. As I remember, he came to Chico in 1869 and claimed the land Chico is built on and the Phelan Ranch, and a portion of Crouch's and Rogers' Ranch, on the Dayton Road. Joe Shearer owned the lot where the Savings Bank is and through to Salem street. He paid Guirky one hundred and fifty dollars and got a quit claim deed. I heard Reavis, who at that time owned the Phelan Ranch had paid him four thousand dollars. He stayed in Chico three or four days and told how he was going to turn the Bidwell home into a horse barn. Bidwell notified the property owners of Chico not to pay Guirkey one cent and he would see them through. After Guirkey got all the money he could with bluffing, he went on a big drunk and went home, and that was the last heard of Guirkey's claim.

## CHINESE TROUBLE IN THE EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

When I came to California there were a great number of Chinese in Oroville and every mining camp throughout the state. Every Chinaman who worked in the mines was taxed four dollars a month mining tax. There was a young man in one of the Southern Counties who wanted to go to Oregon, but he did not have the money so he bought an account book and went to the different

mining camps and collected the mining tax. The Chinese thought it was all right but he would not sign the receipts, just scribble on them. In about two weeks here came the deputy sheriff. 28 This tax was collected by the deputy sheriff; and up went the Chinamen. He asked for the receipts, they brought them and the fellow had not written anything so as to tell the hand writing and as he was gone, they had some trouble getting the tax.

The anti-Chinese racial hatred in Chico in 1877 was the cause of a great deal of trouble. Citizens in Chico who employed Chinese, received letters like this.

To General Bidwell:-

Sir: Get rid of your Chinese help within the next two months or suffer the consequence, let this be enough." General Bidwell employed Chinese in his orchards.

To Charles Ball:-

"Charles Ball, get rid of your Chinese help within fifteen days from this date or meet the consequences."

Signed:—"Committee."

To Mrs. Jones:-

"Madame have the kindness to discharge your Chinese help within two weeks and save trouble."

To the Union Hotel:-

"Sirs:—If you would consult your interests, get rid of your Chinese help, all of them, inside of twenty days from this date and save your property from the red glare of night, let this be your warning."—Signed:—"Committee."

To J. M. Decker:-

“Sir:—You will discharge all the Chinese in your employ at present, before the first of next month and save yourself trouble, you will not be told again.”—Signed:—“Committee.”

They had torch light parades, and on some of the banners carried by the men were printed, “Send the Yellow Devils Away.” “Down with the Chinese.” “The Chinese Must Go.”

The greatest sight of all was quite a number of women wheeling their babies in baby buggies through the streets, nearly every baby had a banner in it's hand. One read, “We will have to stop having these unless the Chinese go.”

The feeling against the Chinese had become so bitter it finally ended in murder. My wife's uncle, Chris Lemm had a piece of land he wanted cleared and he made a contract with the Chinese to clear it. The land was on Big Chico Creek about two miles east of Chico and extended to the main road leading to the mountains.

On the thirteenth of March, 1877, after their day's work was over and they had had supper they lay down on their bunks which were in a row. About nine o'clock five men and a boy came to the Chinese camp. They pulled their revolvers and ordered the Chinese to sit on the foot of their bunks, which were about one foot off the ground. Two of the men searched the camp and got a few dollars, then they placed themselves each in front of a Chinaman and at the word fired. One did not fire as quickly as the others and 29 the Chinaman who was to be shot threw up his hands and the bullet just grazed his arm. This Chinaman fell back on his bunk and made believe he was dead. After firing the fiends poured coal oil on the blankets which they took from the beds and put in a pile and set fire to them and then hurried away. The Chinaman, who was wounded, threw a blanket over the fire and extinguished it. Then he ran to the Lemm home. My wife was there and she said he struck the porch with a bound and banged on the door, waking all in the house. Mr. Lemm got up and unlocked the door, the Chinaman rushed in and fell down on the floor and said, “White man come. Poo', poo' Chinaman, all sleep, sleep.”

Mr. Lemm and the men on the place were going to find out what the trouble was but his wife and mine would not let them. The Chinaman then left and went to Chico and gave the alarm.

The next morning after the murder I was going to Chico and met a great many wagons and people on horseback going in the direction of the Lemm ranch. Finally I met Henry Mansfield, the Marshal of Chico. I asked him where all the people were going. He said, “Why don't you know, some fiends murdered those innocent Chinese on the Lemm ranch.” I turned and went back with him. When we got to the camp, it was a horrible sight. The first Chinaman we saw was lying partly across the door, dead, with his brains oozing out. We had to step over him to get in. The next two lay on their bunks dead, the fourth had been shot in his head and his brains were oozing out and he lay moaning. He died while the inquest was being held. The fifth Chinaman we found across the slough under a buckeye bush. He was shot in the breast, the bullet ranging downward and lodging in his back. He had a jack knife and had cut seven gashes trying to cut the bullet out. Dr. Watts took the bullet out. I afterwards heard that the Chinese doctor of Chico cured him. The names of the victims were: Ah Lee, Ah Gow, Shu In and Ah Quen.

H. T. A. Smiser was foreman of the jury. The people of Chico and vicinity could not imagine who the perpetrators of the crime could be, so, Bidwell hired a young man by the name of Radcliffe to watch the postoffice and when a letter was dropped in the box he would take it and compare the signature to the threatening letters received by the citizens. On the second day a letter was dropped and in the same hand-writing as the letter he held. He went out and saw the man who had dropped it, and followed him down to the Slaughter home. Those Slaughters were not related to the Reverend Slaughter. When he saw the man go in the house he hurried back to town and notified the officers. They went as quickly as possible and found H. C. Wright, John and Charles Slaughter, who they arrested. In the meantime there had been quite a number of arrests made of men who did not have a very good character. The first three confessed and implicated the others, who had burned Bidwell's 30 soap factory and murdered the Chinese. They were T. E. Conway, Eugene Roberts, H. T. Jones, Adam Holderbaum, J. Mahony and Thomas Steinbrook. S. L. Daniels was sheriff, he got Conway's confession after he had been in jail two days. They were tried and five were found guilty

of arson and four of murder. Their sentences were from five to twenty-five years and this ended the reign of terror in Chico.

**MASSACRE OF THE BIG MEADOWS INDIANS.**

The Mill Creeks were always at outs with the Big Meadows Indians. The summer of '64 they went to Big Meadows and made a raid on the Indian camp. There were only three squaws in the camp, the mother and two daughters. These they took prisoners. One of the girls they cut open and strung her entrails in the road, the other girl they tied to a tree and burned. The mother, Chief Big Foot claimed for his wife. The squaw's name was Phoebe. During the fight we had with the Mill Creeks, she crawled in a hole in the rocks and kept hid until it was over and we were gone, then she started south across the rough canyons and came to Lomo on the Chico and Humboldt road. The Lomo hotel at that time was kept by Mr. Sprague. He gave the squaw supper and breakfast and a bed. The next morning she started for the Big Meadows. She used to scrub and wash for Mrs. Hallam, who built the Hallam House in Chico. When she got to the Big Meadows she went directly to Mrs. Hallam, who lived in the Big Meadows at that time. Mrs. Hallam did not know her. She said, “Don't you know me, Mrs. Hallam?”

Mrs. Hallam said, “No.”

She said, “I am Phoebe.”

Mrs. Hallam said, “I thought the Mill Creeks killed Phoebe.”

She said, “No, they killed my two girls, and the Chief kept me for his wife. White men shoot 'em all Mill Creeks. I think I hide in hole in rocks.”

After capturing the squaw and the baby, Good took a five dollar piece out of his pocket and asked the squaw in Indian “Cachem?” She said, “Much, much.” But she would not tell where and we could not find it. The squaw, Phoebe, said when they got back that she had to pack their money, watches and jewelry. She said that it was in a buck skin bag, and it was all she could carry. She said

it was buried under the fire on the sandbar the morning of the fight. This old squaw, Phoebe, now dead, has two sons living at Chester, Plumas county.

**THE MURDER OF HI GOOD.**

When I first met Hi. Good and R. A. Anderson, they were in the prime of life. Good at that time was twenty-nine years old and as handsome a man as I ever saw. I often heard it said that the Indians killed the girl he was 31 going to marry while crossing the plains. Anderson was twenty-five years old and as fine a specimen of manhood as one would wish to see. They were large men, shrewd and fearless. They were leaders of men. Anderson was elected sheriff of Butte county, two terms and if Good had lived he could have had any office in Tehama county he wanted. If it had not been for them, more white people living in Butte and Tehama counties would have been murdered by the barbarous Mill Creeks. Their business was never so urgent or time so precious they could not leave all to go forth to avenge the wrongs of the white settlers, committed by the red men. When a party of us settlers would start to clean up the Indians, we would elect a captain and it would always be Good or Anderson. The captain always was entitled to the scalps. At one time Good had forty hanging in the poplar tree by his house.

In the early history of this state, when the law of the land was just at the stage where the right belonged to the strongest, and the Mill Creek Indians were a thorn in the side of the settlers, on account of their depredations, which at times amounted to murder, Hi. Good was one of the active leaders of the white men in their raids upon the Indians' strongholds. A great deal of interesting local history clings to this early day character, a strong fearless man and a leader of men.

Good was born in Ohio. His age I did not know, but when I first knew him he seemed to be about thirty-one or thirty-two years of age. He was a tall, athletic fellow and very handsome, straight as an arrow and brave as a lion. It was to him and R. A. Anderson that the people living in Butte and Tehama counties confided in when they wished their wrongs avenged, wrongs that had been committed by the Mill Creek Indians. Good was one of the best Indian trailers in Northern California, and a dead shot.

Good's dramatic death and events which led up to it were as follows:

Good was in the sheep business and in need of a herder at the time I speak of. Dan Sill, a friend of Good's had an Indian boy living with him in Tehama. Good asked for the boy but Sill told him he had better not employ the Indian because he was a bad one and as sure as fate some day he would kill him. Good laughed and said that he and the Indian would get along all right.

All went well until the spring of 1870. Good sold a portion of his sheep for seven thousand dollars. He had borrowed three thousand from Sam Gyle of Tehama. This sum he paid after the sale and buried the four thousand dollars. On the 27th of April Good and his boon companions, Sandy Young and Obe Fields, left on a prospecting trip. They left with the purpose in view of finding the Mill Creeks and getting their booty as it was generally known that they had two or three thousand dollars. When they started, Good told the Indian that he did not need to herd 32 the sheep as Jack Brennan, the other herder could do all the work in caring for the sheep and for him to stay about the camp and do the cooking.

The Indian knew Good had money buried and as soon as Good was gone he began hunting for it. In his efforts to find it he tore up the cobble stone hearth in front of the fireplace and dug several places where he thought it might be. He tore up some of the wood floor. When Good returned on the 29th of April, he determined immediately from the condition of the house what had been going on. The Indian had taken the ashes from the fireplace and given the hearth and floor a good scrubbing. “What has been going on here, Ned?” asked Good.

“The place got so dirty I though I would clean it up a bit,” said the Indian. Good lived in Acorn Hollow at this time and had a fine ranch and garden on Deer Creek about one mile and a half south. “I will go to the garden and get some vegetables,” said Good.

Young came to Chico as soon as Good left. The Indian said to Obe, “I will take his gun and see if I can kill some squirrels.” Obe being an elderly man sought the comfort of one of the beds and went to sleep. He said he did not hear the Indian shoot and if he did he would not have remembered it as

the Indian boy was always doing more or less shooting about the place. Soon after the Indian came back and got supper. Good, however, did not come. After breakfast the next morning, Obe said, “I will saddle Bally (his horse) and see why he did not come home.” Instead of going the trail that led out of the hollow he led the horse up the steep hill back of the house to the rocky plain. If he had gone the trail he would have probably found Good. On reaching the garden, Obe inquired for Good and was told that he had left before sundown. Obe returned the same way he had gone. When he got back the Indian was on hand and had Good's horse, saying he found it back up the hollow tied to a tree. Obe said that he would go to the picnic being held on Deer Creek. Here he found Dan Delany and George Carter and a number of Good's best friends and they all started back. In crossing the rocky plain, one of the party said, “Hold on, something has been dragged here.” Obe looked and said, “That is Buck's track.” They followed the direction of the shoe marks indicated and in a desolate ravine against a small tree they found the body of the stalwart, athletic Good, practically covered with rocks.

After leaving Good there the Indian went down to the Widow Lewis' place on Deer Creek. Mrs. Lewis and her daughter were in the yard. The Indian rode up and took a twenty dollar piece out of his pocket and said, “I will give this to see Hi. Good's boots.” Mrs. Lewis said, “What is the matter with Hi Good?”

The Indian said, “He is missing.” In showing the money 33 they noticed Good's gold ring on his finger. He had robbed Good of his money and taken the ring; but had not taken his gold watch.

As soon as Good's body was found, one of the party went to Tehama to notify the coroner, while another came to Chico to notify Sandy Young. Some of the party went to the camp and some stayed with the corps. Finally the Indian came to camp. They askd him about Hi. He said he did not know anything about him and went outside and sat down on a bench and placed his head in his hands. Obe went out and sat down alongside of the Indian. Finally Obe asked the Indian where the first shot hit Hi. The Indian said, “Through the hips,” and then jumped up and caught Obe around the neck and said, “Don't tell them, or they will kill me.” Obe then went to the cabin door, where he met Young, who had arrived from Chico. He said, “Ned killed Hi.”

“How do you know?” asked Young.

“He told me,” was the answer.

“Tell him to come in. The Indian was asked by Sandy why he killed Hi. The Indian replied that he didn't know, but he guessed to see how he would act. Thereupon, Sandy began to cry. Then the Indian told how he had hid behind the big oak tree and as Hi. came down the trail leading his horse by the long bridle reins and singing, he shot him and as he staggered down the hill he shot him twice, all three bullets going true, as the Indian was a good shot. Then Sandy said, “Take the Indian up the trail and we will see how he will act.” They tied the Indian's hands behind him, took him up the trail and tied him to the limb of an oak tree. Sandy went about sixty feet away and turned and fired, the bullet struck the Indian in the back of the neck, he fell and quivered. They cut him loose and he died. His bones lay there for two years. Brother Jake and I used to drive the cattle by them. Two young students from Colusa came and took the skeleton away.

Good is buried in the Tehama cemetery. Sandy sent Good's gold watch to his father in Ohio. Good always buried his money, as there were no banks in Northern California. There are, I think, five hundreds holes dug around the cabin and corral by different parties, searching for the money. It may have been found, but not that I know of.

My brother and I could not find out if there was a monument at Good's grave, so we went to Tehama three years ago. We found the grave and a marble slab stating that he died, May 4th, 1870, aged 34 years. This closes the chapter of one of California's Grand Men.



**OTHER DEPREDATIONS BY MILL CREEK INDIANS.**

In 1862 they robbed the George Senedeker home, taking his rifle and three hundred dollars in cash.

They robbed the Alpaugh place of seven head of fine horses, drove them to Mill Creek and cut their throats.

In August, 1862 they waylaid and killed two miners on the North Fork of the Feather River.

They stole two of Bob Anderson's horses and set his barn on fire. After a long chase the horses were recovered and one of the Indians wounded. It was learned later that the wounded Indian died of his injuries in June of that year, 1863.

Later a band of these same Indians made a raid on Mr. Gore's ranch and stole all his horses. R. A. Anderson, Tom Gore and Jack Powers started in pursuit. They succeeded in recovering the horses and Anderson, single handed, killed seven of the Indians and wounded two.

On the thirteenth of April, 1865, a band of this same tribe descended on the Moore home on Mud Creek, which they robbed of over a thousand dollars, after having killed old Grandma Moore. Before leaving they set the house on fire and burned the body of Mrs. Moore up in her own home.

**REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL AND MRS. BIDWELL**

I knew Mr. Bidwell from 1863 up to the time of his death and Mrs. Bidwell from the time she came to Chico in 1868, the bride of General Bidwell, at that time Major Bidwell.

Mrs. Bidwell was a very handsome lady and the better acquainted one got with her the better she looked. Bidwell in the early days was very generous to the emigrants, most of whom when they came to his ranch were practically broke. He would give them beef and would assist them until they could get employment or take up land and get a start.

Bidwell was very generous in giving land and helping in every way toward the schools in Chico. If a school site was wanted Bidwell gave the land gratis and every church, nearly, in Chico, he gave the land to build on. When the Normal school contest came, Oroville, Marysville and other places in Northern California wanted it in their town. The place selected for it had to furnish the land free of charge. At that time Bidwell was in Europe, so the committee, that was trying to get it located at Chico cabled him in regards to a site for it. He answered immediately, “Take ten acres of my land anywhere, just so you don't put it in my door yard,” and Chico got the school. He gave the park

to Chico and planted those large trees. I have often said, Bidwell left his monument on the road leading out of Chico to the mountains, as he made the grades around the steep hill, which makes it one of the best roads over the mountains.

Mr. Bidwell was a great prohibitionist. In 1892 he was a candidate for the presidency on the prohibition ticket, the 35 only candidate for president California had ever had. Mrs. Bidwell continued her work for prohibition and spent many thousands of dollars to promote its cause. She lived to see the fruits of her labor partially successful.

Mrs. Bidwell was charitable and there are hundreds of her charitable acts which will never be known. It did not matter what the city of Chico needed, if it was for the betterment of the town, she was always willing to aid, and those who were worthy and in need were never turned away.

Mrs. Bidwell took a great interest in bettering the living conditions of the Indians. She built homes for them and tried to Christianize them. There is a rancheria on the Bidwell estate and it is deeded to the Indians, each one having his house and lot.

Mrs. Bidwell gave three acres in the rear of the Normal School and the Children's Play Ground adjoining. She gave to the city of Chico 2,302 acres for a park. This takes in a great deal of very rich land and extends into the foot hills along Iron Canyon. In this park stands the Sir Joseph Hooker Oak, the largest oak tree in the world. The dimensions of Hooker Oak are:—101 feet high; circumference 28 feet 2 inches; spread of branches north and south 147 feet; circumference of outside branches, 446 feet; lineal measurement of largest south branch, 105 feet; diameter of trunk, 8 feet from ground, 9 feet; estimated age 1,000 years; number of persons, allowing 2 feet to the person, who can stand under the tree, 7,885. This park is such a beautiful place it has to be seen to be appreciated.

**THE POET, BLACK BART**

On the 26th of July 1878, if I remember correctly, Black Bart robbed the Oroville and Quincy Stage. Whenever he robbed a stage he took the express box, and always left a piece of poetry. At

that time Sam Daniels was sheriff of Butte county, and when he got to the scene of the holdup he found this piece of poetry— ‘I've labored hard for bread, for honor and for riches, But on my toes too long you've tread, you long haired S. of A B's. Let come what will, I'll try it on, My condition can't be worse, And if there is money in that box, 'this money in my purse.”

Signed: Black Bart, the Po8.

I never knew his name, other than Black Bart, in those days, but since learned it was Bolton. He was caught and sent to prison and when his prison term expired, the express company hired him, gave him a yearly salary to not rob any more. He never had a partner but always went it alone.



**MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.**

On May 8th, 1869, the last spike was driven connecting the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railways, completing the transcontinental line from California east. The spike was of California gold and the hammer of Nevada silver. The tie was bored and driven by Leland Stanford, the President of the Central Pacific Road. The telegraph wires were cut and the ends attached to the handle of the hammer and every telegraph station of importance heard every strike of the hammer as far east as New York. The spike was drawn and given to Stanford.

Stanford went into the proposition of building the Central Pacific by the inducement of the government. He was worth twenty thousand dollars and when he died he was worth thirty-five million. He was afterwards elected Governor of California and twice elected United States Senator. The second time he was elected U.S. Senator he spent over six hundred thousand dollars. He hired Tom Fitch, the silver tongued orator, to go with him and do the speaking. Tom Fitch was the finest orator I ever heard. He could sway his audiences to tears or laughter at will. In those days United States Senators were elected by the Legislators and if a man was lucky enough to be elected to the Legislature he generally came back fixed.

Stanford traveled over the state and spent money as free as water. He hired large halls and brass bands.

He finally purchased the old Peter Lassen grant and stocked it with the finest thoroughbred horses and cattle in the world. The prices he paid for some were enormous. One of the fastest horses Stanford raised was Azoat. He was sold for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Another was Sunol, who at three years old trotted a half mile in one minute and two seconds. She was sold to Robert Bonner and son of New York, for one hundred and six thousand dollars. He took great pride in his horses and when shipped East were in express cars.

He then planted the largest vineyard in the world. It consisted of five thousand acres. He built a winery covering two acres. I have been through it. It was built of brick, the floor was concrete. There were tanks of the choicest wines of different kinds, always on tap for visitors.

His herd of Holstein cattle was the largest in the world. The ranch consisted of thirty-five thousand acres of valley land and a large tract of pasture land and twenty thousand sheep. It is said Stanford did more for the upbuilding of the dairying business in California than any other man.

In the early days of California the mines in Shasta county were very rich and the only way the miners had of sending their gold dust to the mint, was by express. The stages carried the express and the express company hired messengers. There was always one and sometimes two on every stage. These messengers were brave, reckless fellows and were paid big wages to guard the treasure as the 37 stages and express was often robbed and it was quite often that the messenger would be killed.

One time the stage going south from Chico, had gone about four miles from Chico and had crossed a small stream. As the driver got to the top of the bank three men stepped out of the brush and covered the driver and messenger with their guns and ordered them to halt. One kept the messenger covered and the other two ordered the messenger to get out. They lined up and robbed them. They then took the express box and ordered the driver to drive on. They made a very rich haul as the box

had a great many thousands of dollars in it. They then took their horses and rode to the Coast Range mountains, where they divided what they had. One went to San Francisco and spent his on wine and women. The other spent his in Sacramento. The third went to Idaho and went into the cattle business. He prospered and his neighbors thought a great deal of him, as he was always square in a deal, and if a neighbor wanted an accommodation he was always ready to grant it. If a settler came in that was poor he was always ready to assist him. He finally took sick and died. Just before he died he made a confession and told all, how his pals had spent their booty and how he had got his start. His neighbors were almost unable to believe that such an upright, honorable man, had at one time been a robber. But as he gave a perfect description of robbing the stage after it left Chico, they had to believe it was so.

**THE MURDER OF SUSAN McDONALD.**

Susan McDonald was murdered in Cherokee June 1st, 1871. Cherokee Flat at that time was a great hydraulic mining camp and quite a number of Austrians were employed. There was one by the name of George. Austrian George was the name he went by. Tom McDonald was treasurer of Butte county at that time and was nominated for office the second time. This Austrian George had a great influence among the Austrians employed there. Quite a number were naturalized and were voters, so one day McDonald told George if he could get the Austrians to vote for him, he would give him Susan. This was in a joke. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had just the one child, Susan. She was very handsome, a fine musician and highly educated. The Austrian would try to talk to her whenever he could. She, of course, would not have anything to do with him. On the night of June 1st, 1871, there was a wedding at the Glass home in Cherokee. Susan was invited, and went. After the wedding they had a dance. At three o'clock in the morning Doctor Sawyer and Clara Glass started to take Susan home. The road was lined with brush in places. The Austrian was hidden behind a chaparral bush and as they passed it he sprang out behind them and caught Susan by the top of her head. He had a large butcher knife, sharpened to a razor edge and cut her throat. She dropped 38 in the road and died instantly. The Glass girl screamed and awoke the neighborhood.

The miners started out in all directions to find the murderer. One went to the Bidwell Bar bridge, and notified the bridge tender to be on the lookout for him. The bridge tender's name was Bendle. Just after the miner had gone, Bendle saw a man coming on the bridge. He knew it was the Austrian by the description that had been given him. As the Austrian went by he told him to stop. The murderer started to run. Bendle stepped in the house, which was built on the bridge, grabbed his rifle and shot. The Austrian dropped and died instantly. It is twelve miles from Bidwell's Bar to Oroville and twelve miles from Oroville to Cherokee Flat. They got a team and wagon and took the murderer to Oroville and then to Cherokee. When they got there the miners had poured coal oil all over his cabin. They jerked him out of the wagon and threw him in it and poured coal oil all over him and set it afire and burned him up. This was one of the most brutal murders in Butte county.

**TRY TO IMITATE THE WHITES**

One time, when coming out of the mountains with cattle Johnny Morris hired an Indian to help drive. On the road Morris found a box of talcum powder. He was smelling of it when the Indian came up and wanted to know what it was. Morris told him it was what the white ladies used when they went to dances and parties. The Indian then smelled of it and wanted to know where he could get some. Morris answered “at any drug store,” and wanted to know why he wanted it. The Indian answered, saying “I want heap lot, so keep squaw from smellin' like Indian.”

**STUDENTS GET AN OLD INDIAN TO TALK.**

The Indians of the Big Meadows country were peaceable. There was one very old Indian by the name of Salem, living near Chester and one day three University students engaged him in conversation. They asked him innumerable questions. They wanted to know how old he was and he said he didn't know. Then they asked him who was the first white man he had ever seen and he said, “Peter Lassen.”

They continued to ask questions, but finalaly the old Indian stopped talking and they could not get him to answer another question. Finally he said “you come to my camp tomorrow and I talk.” So

the next day they went to the old Indian's camp and began asking questions, but the old man did not answer. Then they asked why he would not talk and he answered, “Give me five dollars and I talk.” They gave him the money and he sure did talk, telling more about the Indians than had happened in a hundred years. They sure got their money's worth.

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My brother and I lived in Plumas county for a number of years, and as we had to go to Quincy, the county seat, occasionally, we got to know all about the Bear Indian. He walked on all fours and when he rose up he rose just like a bear. He could not talk but would grunt and point to what he wanted. His mother could tell what he wanted. The other Indians wanted to kill him when he was little but the mother kept watch over him and would not let them kill him. He had hair all over him, not very thick, but a great deal more than the average person, and a tail about one and one-half inches long.

If a person with a team met him in the road coming on all fours the gentlest team of horses would run away and he would not give the road until forced to. He got many a good drubbing for this. There was a gentleman living in Quincy, by the name of Bell, who tried to get the Indian to take him to San Francisco and exhibit him. The squaw, his mother, did not want to let him go, but Bell and his friends who had influence with his mother, finally got her consent. Bell took him to San Francisco and put him on exhibition. One morning Bell went to get him and he was gone, so he telegraphed all over the state and offered a reward, and the second day he heard of him in Los Angeles. Two young fellows had stolen him. Bell went to Los Angeles and got him and put him on exhibition again in San Francisco. Woodward, at that time, was running the Woodward gardens in San Francisco; he tried to get him from Bell but they could not agree on a price, so Woodward had Bell arrested for exhibiting a monstrosity. Bell was fined five hundred dollars as it was against the law. Bell paid his fine and brought the Bear Indian home. The other Indians did not like to talk about him. I asked one of the Indians what had become of him and he said, “Bear Indian dead, go Hell.” This Indian's father was killed by a bear. This account can be verified by the sheriff of Lassen county, Mr. James Church, who was raised at Quincy and all the old timers of Quincy. Mr. Crane living here told me he saw him when he was exhibited at the fair at Petaluma by Mr. Bell.

Mr. Church told me the mother of the Bear Indian used to wash for his mother. Their camp was against the hill back of his father's ranch. I think this is the greatest curiosity I ever knew.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, where the race of men go by. Some are good, some are bad, some are weak, some are strong, some are foolish; so am I. Then why should one sit in the scorner's seat or hurl the cynic's ban; let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

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**THE HANGING OF TOM NOAKS.**

In the month of July, 1881, a man by the name of Jack Crum was murdered by Tom Noaks.

Mr. Crum and his family had moved to the Big Meadows where they were spending the summer. He and his son Frank rented the Spanish Ranch on Butte Creek. On this particular day they were coming to Chico with a load of pears. There was an old lady living just out of Chico on the west side of the road, that is now Park avenue. She was doing the washing for Mr. Crum and his son and as they were coming by her place, she was in the yard, and Mr. Crum asked her if she would take a box of pears and let it go on the wash bill. She said she would.

Mr. Crum took one of the boxes of pears and started toward the house, when he was met by Noaks. Noaks said, “Crum why did you tell them dam lies about my dead brother?” Mr. Crum said, “I never told anything about your brother. I did not know him.” Then Noaks knocked Crum down. Crum being a small old man and Noaks a young man weighing nearly 200 pounds, in the prime of life. As soon as Crum fell Noaks jumped on him, commenced stamping his face with his heavy boots and continued stamping till Crum was dead. Then Noaks went up town and tried to borrow five dollars from Albert Allen to pay his fine. He told Allen he had just whipped a man in Chapmantown. In a few minutes news came that he had killed Crum. Immediately Noaks was arrested and locked in jail. Some of the old timers who had known Crum for years went to Miller's store and bought a rope and went to the jail, intent on hanging Noaks. The officers met them with

drawn revolvers and kept them back. The officers then secreted Noaks and took him to Oroville and locked him in the iron tank in the old jail.

F. A. Sprague was sheriff. He and his deputies thought best to have the jail guarded. They kept the jail guarded for about three weeks, then Mr. Crum's nephew, Freem Crum, and an old friend of the family, went to Oroville.

Here they met one of the jailors. The three went in a saloon and the jailor asked the barkeeper for a pencil and a sheet of paper; it was given him and he went to the farther end of the bar and made some marks on it, folded it up and gave it to Crum and his friend. They bade the jailor goodbye and opened the paper and there was the plot of the jail, the doors to go through to reach the iron tank.

Crum and his pal went to Chico and reported the jail was not guarded and showed the paper given them by the jailor. Old friends of Crum then planned to take justice in their own hands, as J. A. Gifford, who was District Attorney at that time, said manslaughter was all the charge that could be brought against Noaks, as he had not used a deadly weapon.

On August twelfth, about eight o'clock in the evening, 41 some twenty in number left Chico. One took two twelve pound sledges and two six foot jimmys from a blacksmith shop and started for Oroville. When a few miles out of Chico, one of the men cut the telegraph wires leading from Oroville to Chico. In the meantime a man in Chico sent word to Sprague to come to Chico.

When the Chico people came to Feather river, they all left their teams on the north side of the river, except one, driven by a Chico man. The main bridge crossing the river was being repaired and the people of Oroville had graded a road down a ravine and put in a pontoon bridge. It crossed the river back of Chinatown.

George F. C. Peterson was the captain. He detailed four men to guard the bridge, two at each end and told them not to let any one cross the bridge, going or coming. The bridge had a railing, so the two men on the north end took one of the top rails off and put it across the first span. Just then they heard a buggy coming down the grade. One of the men said, “I will bet it is Sheriff Sprague.”

His pal said, “If it is, he can't cross that bridge.” The old man ran up the bank and hollered, “Stop, you can't cross the bridge.” They were driving a spirited team and when they came to the foot of the grade, the man there thought they could not stop, so he caught the near horse by the head and swung them around. One of the men said, “We are Chico.” “Make us know it.” He said, “Williams of the Hubbard and Earl Hardware store.” “Who is the other?” He said, “Lou.” “Lou, what?” “Lou Gifford.”

He was the District Attorney's brother. They wanted to take the team across but they would not let them, so they crossed afoot. Just after they had gone, here came a man from the Oroville side. He was asked how he got by the guards on the other end of the bridge. He said, he knew one of them, but he was told he could not go any farther. He then said, “Well if I can't go home, I will go back to town. He was told he could not go back to town. He then asked, “What is going on?” “We are not at liberty to tell. You will not be harmed. All you have to do is to stay here,” said Pal. He sat down and after awhile said, “my wife will be very uneasy if I don't get home. I live over here by the hospital. My name is Armstrong.” So Pal told him if he would pledge his word and honor that he had not seen anyone here he could go.

When Peterson and his crowd got to the court house, he told a part of his men to guard the court house yard, and three men to get the jailor. They rapped on the jail door. The jailor, Sam Knowles, asked what do you want? One said, “we have got a prisoner from Biggs. He opened the door part way and they rushed in and sat him in a chair and told him if he made an attempt to give an alarm, they would tie and gag him. He said he would be quiet. They then asked for the keys. He said he did not have them. One of the three stepped to the door and told Peterson. 42 He said, “Bring the sledges.” They quickly broke the doors leading to the iron tank.

When Noaks heard them, he said, “The first man that comes in that door I will kill him with the heel of my boot.” They then put one jimmy in the door jam above the lock and one below the lock, with two men pulling on each end of the jimmys.

The captain then told Aaron Burt and Jim Fritter to break the lock. One of them was left handed and the other right handed, then the noise began. It could be heard all over Oroville and I think three miles up Feather river canyon. One man held a lantern on the lock so they could see where to strike and when the lock broke the door swung back. There stood Noaks in the farther end of the cell. The Captain said, “take him.” Four men grabbed him and tied his hands behind him and led him out to the wagon. One of the three who took the jailor went up and cut the bell rope so the jailor could not give the alarm until they had Noaks away. A box had been put in the wagon back of the seat; he was made to sit on it and his hands tied to the iron braces, one on each side of the wagon.

As soon as Knowles could get up to the bell, he began ringing it. Some of the Oroville people went to the court house and Knowles told them, Noaks had been taken. They went to the pontoon bridge and looked in the river and went home.

As soon as Noaks was safely across the river, they started for Dry Creek. When they got there the rope and noose were all ready. The wagon was driven under it. He was asked if he had anything to say. Then he began to beg. He said, “You people do not know the right of it and he thought the act was too hasty. He was asked if he had any relatives. He said, “A sister in Texas.”

The Chico crowd then started for home. They met the sheriff about a mile out of Chico. He stopped and asked, “Where have you fellows been?” One of the men said, “a fishing.”

“What did you do with your fish?”

“Hung them up to dry.”

“Where?” “On Dry Creek?”

“Why didn't you hang them two Chinamen while you were about it?”

The Captain wrote to Noaks' sister but did not receive an answer.

**THE FAILURE.**

(By W. H. Gilliand.) Did we but stand alone in that man's place, Had we but trod the path whereon he fell, Had we known the cares of life that line his face And dim his eyes and darken soul as well, Perhaps then we would wish for caverns deep, That we might pass within to silent sleep. If we had seen what snares beset his way, What dreams of youth had into darkness passed, Had left the tempters lure, our reason sway Or seen life's dearest hopes caught in the blast, Might we not then, with weakness, sin and fall, And pray that darkness come and cover all, Much better, with kind words, we light his way, For budded in that soul perhaps may be Thought that will blossom into life one day, And fill some lonely heart with melody. Let's not with mocking sneers, his hopes appall, Perchance we too along life's way may fall.

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**A MAN's PRAYER.**

(By Post Office Clerk.) Let me live, Oh Mighty Master, Such a life as men should know, Tasting triumph and disaster, Joy—and not too much of woe; Let me fight and love and laugh, And when I'm beneath the clover Let this be my epitaph. Here lies one who took his chances In the busy world of men; Battled luck and circumstances, Fought and fell and fought again Won sometimes, but did no crowing, Lost sometimes, but didn't wail. Took his beating, but kept going, Never let his courage fail. He was fallible and human, Therefore loved and understood Both his fellow men and women, Whether good or not so good, Kept his spirit undiminished, Never lay down on a friend, Played the game till it was finished, Lived a sportsman to the end.

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**THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.**

(By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington.) I wish that there were some wonderful place Called the Land of Beginning Again. Where all our mistakes, and all our heartaches, And all of our poor, selfish grief Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door, And never be put on again. I wish we could come on it all unaware, Like the hunter who finds a lost trail; And I wish that the one whom our blindness has done The greatest injustice of all, Could be at the gates, like an old friend waits For the comrade he's gladdest to hail. We would find all the things we intended to do But forgot, and remembered too late, Little praises unspoken, little promises broken, And all the thousand and one Little duties neglected that might have perfected The day for one less fortunate. It wouldn't be impossible to be kind, In the Land of Beginning Again; And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged Their moments of victory here, Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp More than penitent lips could explain. For what has been hardest we'd know had been best, And what had seemed loss would be gain, For there isn't a thing that will not take wing When we've faced it and laughed it away; And I think that the laughter is most what we're after In the Land of Beginning Again.

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**THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.**

The American soldier was taken from every walk of life, most of them from good comfortable homes. They were not accustomed to the hardships of war, yet when they were pitted against the seasoned army of Germany they proved to the world the American soldier had no equal. What they accomplished was dauntless and imperishable; there was no task allotted to them, no service so great but they had the courage to meet it. Hot or cold, hungry or full, wet or dry, they never winced, whimpered or begged. We are too near those marvelous deeds to fully appreciate them, but a century from now, after I am gone and forgotten, those deeds will be recorded in history as long as American history is written, and every page will add its laurel and every chapter its bright and shining star will be placed high in the record of the American soldier. —By SIM MOAK.

**THE LAST LEAF.**

I saw him once before, As he passed by the door, And again The pavement stones resound, As he totters o'er the ground With his cane. They say that in his prime, Ere the pruning-knife of Time, Cut him down, Not a better man was found By the Crier on his round Through the town. But now he walks the streets, And he looks at all he meets Sad and wan, And he shakes his feeble head, That it seems as if he said: They are gone. The mossy marbles rest, On the lips that he has prest In their bloom, And the names he loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb. My grandmamma has said, — Poor old lady, she is dead Long ago, — That he had a Roman nose, And his cheek was like a rose In the snow. But now his nose is thin, And it rest upon his chin Like a staff. And a crook is in his back, And a melancholy crack In his laugh. I know it is a sin For me to sit and grin At him here; But the old three-cornered hat, And the breeches, and all that, Are so queer! And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the Spring— Let them smile, as I do now, At the old forsaken bough Where I cling.

—By Oliver Wendell Holmes—Copied from Daily Press.



**SENTIMENTS IN THE ROUGH.**

When I am dead, don't lie like thieving whelps, Because, perhaps, you've some time heard it said, A little common bull or blarney helps To chase the shadows, when a fellow's dead, If you have any pretty things to say, That you believe will help man's soul to thrive, Just spiel it in a friendly kind of way To cheer some lucky guy that's still alive. While in life's game, you always used me white, I can't complain of other people's acts; So when I pass into the shades of night, Don't spoil it by exaggerating facts; But let your good intentions seek the goal Of hearts responsive, struggling o'er life's road; They bear no balm to a departed soul But may make lighter some tired brother's load. When I am dead, just save the sweet bouquet That you intend should wither on my grave, And use the money in some better way To cheer some heart that's striving to be brave. The flowers you've

given me I have enjoyed, They made a fitting crown for living head; “Say it with flowers” of sense is sometimes void, It does not fit the language of the dead.

—Chas. H. Stephen 32 deg., Oriental Consistory.

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**THE REAL FAILURES**

If I fail to get rich I need not care For thousands die poor I know; Heaven isn't a place where the millionaires Only are allowed to go. I need not care if I fail to climb To the top, as some others do; I can die content any place or time If I haven't failed to be true. If I fail to be great, I'll worry not, For fame doesn't come tto all, And thousands and thousands the world forgot, The humble, the meek the small, All get to Heaven at their journey's end And comfort and glory find. Unafraid at the great white throne I'll bend If I haven't failed to be kind. These are the failures I have to fear— Not a failure to hoard up gold, Not a failure to rule and to govern here; For at last when my record's told For peace on earth I shall vainly sue, If here on earth with my fellow man I have failed to be kind and true.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Copied from the Daily Press.

Last Battle of the Mill Creeks From a painting by Jake Moak at the age of 76